

Tips Appreciated

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Tips Appreciated

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Summary

George frowned. “Why the hell would I put in that much work when I enjoy photos just enough?”

“I would love to watch you cam.” Dream said.

“Is that the only reason?” George pulled his legs against his chest and started to wiggle out of the tights he was wearing.

He swallowed hard before admitting why the idea was stuck in his head. “I want to watch all those other assholes fawn over you in real time.”

Notes

this is the last part in the series so I hope you all enjoy!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

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“Can I ask you a question?” Dream winced out.

George’s brows knit together. “Right *now*?” He dug his heel down harder onto Dream’s crotch. Once that elicited a guttural moan, George lifted his foot and crossed his legs. He leaned back onto Dream’s bed and picked at the balled lint on his sheer black thighs. “Whatever. What’s up?”

Dream adjusted his dick in his pants before scooting back on the floor in a more comfortable and less masochistic position. “Why don’t you do live camming?”

“What?!” George scoffed and started to laugh. “You can’t be serious. You know exactly why. I’m *me*. ” He motioned to his face. “I’m pretty sure at least one hundred thousand people have my face as their Twitter profile picture. If I did live camming, it would not be hard for me to be found. And personally, I like to keep my masturbation separate from my Minecraft.”

“But what about, like, only showing from the neck down? Or using a mask?” Dream asked, leaning in and sounding more and more insistent.

George frowned. “Why the hell would I put in that much work when I enjoy photos just enough?”

“I would love to watch you cam.” Dream said.

“Is that the only reason?” George pulled his legs against his chest and started to wiggle out of the tights he was wearing.

He swallowed hard before admitting why the idea was stuck in his head. “I want to watch all those other assholes fawn over you in real time.”

Whatever buzz had been going on was killed - but in a way that was comforting and silly, not in some kind of awkward way. Things weren’t awkward with them anymore. At least, in real life they weren’t. But in Dream’s head? Yeah. Things were awkward. Because Dream overthinks. That’s what happens when George’s stay was moving by so quickly and he still had yet to feel any kind of permanence to their situation.

“Well, there are other reasons.” Dream said. He dragged himself up onto his feet and pressed his forehead against George’s. “Plenty of other reasons.”

“Because you’re a perv.” George playfully sneered before kissing him. “A big old fucking weirdo.”

Even while Dream kissed back, he found himself lamenting on that same lack-of-permanence feeling.

Mainly because they haven’t fucked yet.

Weeks of being together. Only a handful of nights that George was still in the states.

And still no fucking.

Dream can confirm that they did literally everything else though. The hickeys on their thighs, the handprints on George’s ass and the dent in Dream’s wallet proved that. Both of them had been walking around like blissed-out horny teenagers for the entire time. They rarely left each other’s side. George had been gathering a nice wardrobe and had dozens of packages waiting for him back in the UK. Dream had been thriving in the luxury of getting to hold George in his bed every night.

But everything still remained unspoken.

And George's ass still remained unpenetrated.

Dream hated that he was so focused on that, but it was hard not to zero in on the one piece missing from what was otherwise the most perfect partnership he had ever experienced in perhaps his entire existence as a soul in this universe. He felt that maybe, somehow, if he was able to fuck George then maybe he wouldn't lose him. Maybe George wouldn't get bored.

Oh, no. What if George got *bored*?

Dream couldn't focus on that. It would be wrong to focus on that. It would be wrong to think so damn lowly of George. Realistically, any boredom George would have had could be solved with a boost in his weekly allowance. So instead of torturing himself with hypotechicals that triggered his own RSD, Dream decided to occupy his mind with a problem with a relatively easy solution: He wanted George to fuck him. And he wanted George to cam. He decided one evening while brushing his teeth that he had limited time to see both, so courage really was his only option.

"Are you completely sure that this is what you want? You want your first time fucking me to be on camera?" George leaned out of the shower curtain. Drops of water fell from his hair to sprinkle on his cheeks.

Dream nodded. He scrapped the toothbrush over his tongue as flashes of intrusive ideals played in his head.

George cocked a thin eyebrow. "And you aren't just saying this because you think this is what I want?"

He shook his head and spit out the last of his toothpaste into his sink. He turned off the faucet and his full attention turned to the steam pouring out of the top of his shower. "I'm saying it because I want it."

"For real?"

"For real."

A beat. A pause. Then, George let out a sigh. "Fine. If you say so. But you know that's going to get complicated. We aren't exactly anonymous people. I'm sure one of my colleagues has a solution, though." He closed the plastic curtain with a flick of his thin wrist.

"'Colleagues'?" Dream asked.

"Well, calling them my 'Internet slut friends' is a bit derogatory." George chuckled.

"You made friends?" Something about that felt endearing. Dream walked over and slowly peeled the curtain open. His eyes scanned over George's pale body. His skin was turning hot pink from the boiling water. He had gained a bit of weight since coming to Florida, and Dream was revealing in having extra thighs and stomach to grab.

George turned around and flicked water in Dream's direction, but the blonde barely even moved out of the way. He was too busy wishing his head was propped on George's shoulder. "Of course I made friends! I'm not just speaking out my ass when I say that the ladies I've met on OnlyFans might be the nicest people on the planet."

Dream wouldn't doubt it.

After that conversation, George was constantly writing notes on his phone during every second of

every day. He was always texting someone, and if he was in the bedroom with Dream's PC then he was always testing something. It took him trial and error, but he finally had a setup that made him feel comfortable.

It was a blessing to watch him work. Dream found the crease between his eyebrows beautiful. His green eyes trailed over how the corners of his large lips twitched. It was definitely a sight to see. A part of him was wishing that he had seen every other moment of George's life where he concentrated like this.

Would he be this concentrated riding on Dream's lap?

"I'm ready." George plopped down next to Dream at the kitchen table, his pajamas dwarfing him. He only lived in Dream's clothes at home.

"Ready?"

George nodded. "To talk logistics."

He cocked an eyebrow. "Logistics?"

"Yes. This stuff is more complicated than you think."

"Oh, really? Streaming is more complicated than *I* think?" Dream found himself smirking.

"First off, we need a clear streaming space with no indicators that it belongs to either of us."

"We can just buy new sheets or something. Clear out my bedroom. Done." Dream said. "You need food?"

"Please." George said. He kept talking as Dream stood up to put together some kind of edible mess. "Okay, so that's good. But we also need to use a VPN for all of this. So that's something. And then I need to get concealer to cover all my defining features - "

"Defining features? You don't have any tattoos." Dream said over his shoulder.

George rolled his eyes. "Moles, Dream. I have little spots."

"But I like your spots."

"People could *recognize* my spots!" George said.

Dream pouted. "At least don't cover up the one shaped like Mickey Mouse on your ass."

"*Shut up!*"

When Dream placed food in front of George, he started at it like an animal. "I need something to call out when you're fucking me. Like a name or something." George said as he cut into his microwave pancakes.

"Yeah?" Dream chewed cereal with his mouth open. "Like something kinky?"

"Kind of." George shook his head, chuckling. "You can call me all the kinky stuff you want, just don't use my name. And I need something similar for you. Because the last thing we need is the name 'Dream' being moaned out to hundreds of houses."

"The fact your voice is going to be out there is going to be suspicious enough. Understandable."

Dream sighed.

“I have a voice changer already planned for that. Both of us are going to be pitched a bit, plus reverb. Not a lot, just enough. I learned that from a friend.” George said. “So now we just need a name for you.”

“That’s a tough question. ‘Dream’ is already a pretty epic name so it’s hard to top.” He reached for his coffee.

“How about just ‘sir’ then?” George ghosted his fingers over Dream’s forearm. “Simple. Straight to the point.”

Dream’s grip on his mug tightened. “That’s good with me if it’s good with you.”

“Okay. Sir.” George nodded. “Sir.” He thought to himself before taking a bite of his pancakes. “Let’s make it happen then.”

They picked a date. They changed the sheets. They covered up moles and scars. They tried to contour a bit - with instructions from a close friend, of course - and they donned their chosen disguises. Dream’s was some kind of shitty half-mask from Party City. George had a large pair of designer sunglasses. They weren’t perfect, but with the makeup and colorful well-placed lights? It was a pretty good plan.

Especially since their faces weren’t exactly going to be the focus of the event.

“Good evening, lovelies.” George started to trace his fingertips over his bare thighs. Dream’s legs were already tangled with his. Dream’s arms were around George’s waist from behind. George thought it was smart to both start naked, both start already wrapped in each other. It would weed out the men who expected anything else. It would keep the stream ‘clean’.

George waited for the chat to start rolling, then gestured with his hand to Dream’s body. “I’ve been given an opportunity to show you all something very, very special today. This isn’t my usual thing after all. But I wanted to surprise you all with a treat.” He turned to Dream. “This man is going to help me put on a wonderful show for you all.”

“This man,” Dream said suddenly, “is going to do what you all can’t. And I’m going to make it *very* worth your time. And money.”

George stifled a giggle before continuing. “Oh, yes. Are you ready, sir?”

Dream reached out a hand and traced a finger along George’s jaw. “Are *you* ready, darling? Because I’m going to rip you in half.”

George leaned in and whispered in a barely there voice. “Quite the showman.”

“All for you.” All for them. All for the men watching with their pants around their knees. All for the douchebags with their headphones in, their mom’s footsteps shaking the basement ceiling above them. All for the dads that pretend not to be gay, who tune in while their wife is showering.

All for them.

All for George.

Maybe the possessiveness is getting to him.

But at least he had this. No matter what happened in the future, he had this stream. He had his public, moronic claim on George. And that was kind of beautiful.

Kind of lame. Kind of cringy. But beautiful.

Probably.

Dream reached down and started to coax George's cock to attention. At this point, he knew exactly how to get into it. He had memorized every inch of George's body. And so moving to the next part, the prepping and the opening and the *pushing*, came easy. He was a bit clumsy getting started, but once he figured out how to open his movements to the camera? He was moving forward like a freight train.

He would look up at the chat and respond to the occasional question. Yes, he's super tight. Yes, he's super flexible. Yes, Dream did pay a lot to be here. But it's a lot more than *you* can afford, so fuck off.

George lay on his back on the bed, his head pointed towards the camera and his lips lifted up by Dream's giant hands. His face twisted into a smeared portrait of tangled up colors as Dream entered him. He couldn't be slow and steady. It wasn't a slow and steady kind of show. So George had to welcome every inch of Dream rather quickly.

George was tight. Dream was big. The action collapsed their brains.

They might have sat a bit too long, staring at each other. Maybe they were trying to put into words how fucking *good* it felt. Maybe Dream was trying not to instantly bust a nut. It was to be determined.

"Are you ready for me to move?" Dream asked with a strained voice. "Because I'm ready to fuck the shit out of you."

"Well, I don't know. You haven't bought me anything nice today. Maybe I should scoot away, yeah?" George looked up to the desktop screen. "What do you guys think? Do you all think you could spoil me better?"

The chat exploded with messages. The fucking audacity. Dream wanted to kill someone.

George didn't get to ask anyone but Dream about fucking Dream.

"Oh, a necklace? Really, BraskaBoyz?" George narrowed his eyes at the username. "What kind of necklace?"

Fuck that.

Dream wrapped his hand around George's throat and practically started to growl. "How's this for a necklace, bitch? How's this for nice fucking jewelry? I spoil you. I give you anything you ask for. So you are going to shut up, and get fucked." Dream dug his fingers into George's skin and started to thrust, violently with unending energy. "And don't forget to smile for the fucking camera."

George's head fell off the edge of the bed, just out of view of the camera, but that allowed for all the focus to be on his cock as it bobbed against his stomach and smeared his skin with precum as each thrust shook his entire body. Loud, high-pitched noises escaped his lips. Dream felt the tip of his cock hitting some kind of important bone deep in George's body. In reality, the sex would probably have been considered a bit uncomfortable if they weren't being watched.

But being watched added a layer of adrenaline that made Dream go insane.

As he felt the inside of George's body clench, and squeeze, and pull, and quiver, Dream started to realize that he didn't want to fuck anyone else. Probably never again. And that might seem dramatic. Or world-endingly romantic. Or impossibly immature. But as his thumbs dug into George's hipbones, he knew this was it.

He wanted to exhaust George just like this for the rest of his life.

Dream didn't let George catch his breath. The show must go on. He flipped him over, and entered him again without a second thought. The only care he gave him was the assurance that his face would be pointed to the camera. And when George arched just right, his ass could be seen too.

George was the best hole Dream had ever fucked. And Dream made sure to treat George like it.

Dream tossed his head back. Watching George's ass jiggle with each thrust felt the same as eating the best dessert. Actually, eating George out again would probably be like that. Dream made a mental note for later. And this time, he wouldn't do it in the kitchen like he did all those weeks ago. He would do it in the living room this time, like a gentleman.

George was mumbling out expletives, babbling out 'sir this' and 'sir that'. His hands gripped at the edge of the bed. From the angle he was looking down, with his chin stabbing the mattress, the audience was moments away from seeing George's distinct eyes. The glasses were starting to slip. Dream reached down and grabbed a fist of brunette hair. He yanked it, pulling up George's face back enough so the glasses slipped back.

"Don't get lazy." Dream huffed. "Why don't you start thanking chat for the donations? You don't want to disappoint all your guests."

George struggled to keep his head up. His voice was shaking and jumping as his prostate was pounded over and over, but he read the chat the best he could nonetheless. "Uh...Ah! Thank you to shyguy6969 for the ten! Oh, fuck! Thank you to MasterOfPain for the one hundred! Jesus *Christ!*"

"Louder!"

"Thank you xxbigdaddyxx for the fifty! SonicDaHedgehog69, thank you for the fifteen! Fuck, fuck, Sir! Sir, yes! Deeper!" George was starting to falter. He was blissed out, overstimulated, shaking and drained. For all he tried to show off his 'otherworldly sexual prowess', George really was just a man.

A man significantly smaller than Dream. A man taking a massive cock.

Of course he was starting to give out.

It was pretty hot, to be honest.

Did George feel the same way Dream did? Was George overwhelmed by the fact that they were finally connecting like this? Had his hole been waiting for this? Had he been craving it? There had been countless times where Dream's dick was pitifully hard and desperate to get inside of George. Did George feel the same way?

Dream leaned down and huffed into his ear. "Come on. You have the energy to finish me off. Don't be a fucking quitter now." For all his big talk, though, he was feeling the edge of his climax starting to climb up his body. He felt it in his thighs, in his stomach - the tingle of his orgasm was

starting to overwhelm him.

Dream maneuvered George and lifted him up. He held George up by the waist as he scooted to the edge of the bed. Dream made sure he was in view of the camera. He adjusted the smaller man so his pale back was against Dream's tan chest, and then dropped him onto his cock. He let out a stifled groan, and George let out a whine as he was fully impaled on Dream. He pulled his knees up to his chest, his body shaking and his eyes squeezing shut. This angle had hit him in all the right places. Dream couldn't see much past George's big glasses, but he wanted to. Jesus, he wanted to. He wanted to see George's big puppy dog eyes.

"Bounce for your viewers, baby." Dream secured a thigh in each of his hands and helped George move up and down on his lap. "Put on a show. Earn enough to pay me back."

George's lips parted, drool starting to trickle down over his puffy lips. It cascaded over the peak of his chin and down to land on his chest where it mixed with his sweat and whatever stray lube ended up around his nipples. As he moved, he positioned his arms and legs to spread wider and wider, allowing his audience to see everything that was happening.

Dream kept an eye on the chat, smirking as every pathetic attempt at getting a shoutout or half-assed dirty talk message appeared. They might be fighting for George's attention, but Dream was about to empty his balls into this beautiful boy in front of ten thousand viewers. It was just another example of how he was above everyone else. He was a king to George.

He owned him. He earned him.

"Sir, I..." George was struggling to breathe or form words around the forced moans that were being pushed out of him. "Sir, I'm going to cum!"

"Pose for the camera! Give them something to screenshot!"

George did as he was told. He smiled, lips slick and face bright pink, and stuck out his tongue while throwing up two shaking peace signs. It was quite the fake porn pose, but it worked. It got tip after tip after tip rolling in the stream as George came over his own stomach and chest. Dream finished close behind, leaving the image on the screen something that almost got him hard all over again.

There was George, looking like a natural-born whore, covered with cum and leaking fluids all over Dream's lap. He looked so short and impish compared to Dream's sportsman figure, and he looked so tight with a large cock stuffed inside of him.

"So pretty, baby, so pretty. Hold that pose. Let everyone get a nice little screencap of you looking like the cumdump you are." Dream said in a low voice. "Wave goodbye to all your new friends!" After a few more seconds, Dream used the streamdeck next to him to end the live and turn off the camera and mic.

When the screen went dark, George went limp. His body collapsed against Dream's chest and he choked out for air. He was wheezing almost, desperate to relax. Dream took the time to clean George up, get him water, and then returned to the bed to pet his hair and kiss his face. It took longer than any other post-sex clean-up ever had. They had put on quite the show, and there was quite the aftermath.

Dream wrapped his arms around George's body, spooning him and holding him close. "You're good at that." Dream whispered against George's cheek.

“What, the sex?” He mumbled out. His face was pressed into his pillow.

“No. I mean, yes.” Dream giggled. “But no, I meant the whole...you know. The performance. The dramatics.”

“It works.” George shrugged.

“Yeah, it works. I saw your payout number.” He couldn’t bite back his laughter.

“The performance works. And it’s fun. It’s like...musical theater or something.”

“Like Minecraft roleplay?”

It was George’s turn to laugh. “Oh, Jesus. No. Better than that.”

Dream planted a soft kiss against George’s nose. “I would love to fuck you without anyone there next time. See the difference.”

“What if I’m the same way in private?” George managed to just barely open his eyes. “What if I don’t want to relax for you? What if I want to perform?”

“Well, then. I’ll just have to make sure I fuck you so hard that you forget how to be an actor.” Dream pulled George tighter against him. As a silence fell between them, he started to worry a lip between his teeth.

“You’re tapping.” George said softly. He looked down at Dream’s hand, which had furiously started twitching against his stomach.

“Yeah?” Dream sighed. “Well, maybe I’m overthinking.”

“Always. What’s up?”

Dream rubbed his nose on George’s neck. “Well...you leave soon.”

“And?”

“...I’ll miss you.”

George struggled to turn around so that his head could press against Dream’s chest. Dream was as hot as a space heater, as warm as the sun on the sand. “Dream - ”

“Just promise me you won’t get bored of me or something.”

He placed a kiss right over Dream’s heart. “Don’t worry. I don’t think it’s possible for you to bore me.” The tone he said it in was distant. It was softer than Dream was used to. But it disappeared as soon as George fell asleep.

Time flew. Time went by too quickly. And sooner than Dream would have liked, he was driving George to the airport one sweaty Florida morning.

“I meant it.” Dream said. His eyes scanned over the busy Orlando highway. He wished for more traffic, just so it would take longer to drop George off. And maybe George would even miss his flight and choose to stay here longer.

“Meant what?”

“When I said I would miss you, I meant it.”

“Well, don’t be so dramatic.” George scoffed. “I’ll come back for the holidays.”

“Really?” Dream glanced over.

“Well, yeah. Aren’t you supposed to spend the holidays with your boyfriend?” George said it so nonchalantly that Dream almost didn’t notice what he said at first. But when he did process it, he almost crashed the car. “Woah! What gives, Dream?”

“Boyfriend?” Dream squeaked out.

“Well, I’m not your girlfriend.” George sounded almost annoyed. He looked out the window and didn’t speak another word.

Dream looked at him, watched the sun cresting over the regal curve of George’s side profile, and found himself smiling. He turned back to the road and chuckled. “I would hope you aren’t my girlfriend. I would feel bad for missing out on that kind of big detail.”

George smirked.

Dream thought for a moment. “You know. I read online that Fila announced a drop that is actually pretty close to my birthday. I was going to get a pair for myself, but...it’s kind of a waste of money to get that for myself. But I was still considering getting a pair. Just maybe not for me.”

George laughed. He didn’t respond. He picked up his phone and pushed a few buttons. Dream’s phone buzzed in his pocket, and a pink flush climbed up the back of his neck.

Dream turned up the volume of his stereo. “Noted. Filas it is.”

End Notes

sorry this took a century to write, it really do be like that

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